

Red-Haired Vegas Publisher

She:
Plunge
of
nighted canyon
where lanterns die.

She:
Void
of
ocean,
the depths
cleverly cloaked.

She:
Cauldron
and
deadly tectonics
but
oddly placid
without.

She:
Shattered ruby
taking light as slave
but
only enough
that her fire may drip
the globe.

And I:
Walking valleys
to limitless sea,
each step a shift of earth
with eyes plucked
and trapped
by ruby rays.